

# QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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## \* Queen's College Journal \*

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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

THE staff of 1888-9 makes its little bow to the JOURNAL readers, and offers them herewith its first contribution to volume sixteen. They will see that it is not wholly the JOURNAL of the past. We shall show them something in the line of dress in our next issue which will make it, we hope, yet more agreeable to the eye.

OF one or two things our readers may be assured; chief among which is this—we are going to make this JOURNAL read if we have to make the town red to do it. Does any one hint that it has been asleep for past three years? We answer that this staff only pays for recent intelligence. But an if such an one should enrol it himself among the sons of the prophets and affirm that it will slumber this year also—Bismillah! but we will gird up our loins and smite him hip and thigh for an infidel devonrey of the truth.

A UNIVERSITY paper should have two especial characteristics. It should represent every phase of college life, and it should have a high literary character. We have not lost sight of these two requirements in the present issue, and we shall not forget them in the future.

IT will be observed that there is a theatrical column in this issue. This has been added for the sake of the students in Divinity—a very worthy class of young men, who have been neglected by the JOURNAL in the past, but to whose interests we propose to give a personal and paternal attention in the days to come.

WE take this opportunity of tendering Mr. W. C. Martin our thanks for the seat in the Opera House which he has so kindly placed at our disposal for the season. At the same time we congratulate the JOURNAL readers on the opportunity which they will have of keeping in touch with the news of the theatrical world. May the season be such an one as shall bring to the opera house and its genial proprietor a very material increase in shillings.

WHAT connection is there between the production of a poem, a play, a novel, and algebraic or geometric formulae? And yet they who propose to devote their lives to the creation of the former are compelled to wear their hearts out in grinding up the latter. Now we do not propose to ask whether such a course is right or wrong absolutely. We only desire to call attention to this fact—that the literary spirits of the University are a unit in thinking that they are unfairly treated in the matter.

CERTAINLY the curriculum of the University, while it has undergone about as many metamorphoses as Proteus of old to suit the requirements of all other classes of students, has remained for the literary man like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

DOES any one ask what is our chief cause of complaint? We answer with the brevity of a Spartan and the stern wisdom which cometh of practical experience—Mathematics. Now, certainly, to write a novel, a poem or a play furnishes as good evidence of having merited a degree as to pass an examination in Junior Mathematics. It needs only a very ordinary per-

son indeed to do the latter; but it requires a quite uncommon one to do the former. To create is certainly as conclusive evidence of ability as to imitate. And when all these creations must conform to certain well known canons of good literature, such a literary product is quite as good proof of hard work as passing an examination which is the result oftentimes of either cramming or cribbing—or both.

FOR these, and other reasons which might be urged, we hope that the time is near when there will be in Queen's an option between Junior Mathematics and original literary work; and when such a step is taken, and not till then, will this University, in the opinion of many of those who love her best, exercise the highest function of a University—act as a nursery for the national literature in the days to be.

WHILE we extend to Professor Cappon our congratulations upon the gallant following of young ladies and gentlemen which he already has, and while we hail every accession to the ranks of students of literature as an omen of good for the future of our University, it must not be forgotten that attendance upon a course of lectures, however excellent, will not create a literary spirit; nor will it give one literary culture. Nothing can do this save study of the works which make up our literature.

“STRIKE—but hear me!” said the Athenian to the Spartan; and if we offend the prejudices of any of our readers by the views we hold, to them we say the same. One of the greatest curses in the systems of education of our century is their superficiality. We meet on every hand and every day of our existence, people of both sexes who are, as far as literary knowledge goes, infants in swaddling clothes, who can yet write you out a critique of Browning, Shelley, or Shakespeare *à la mode*: who can sum up their beauties and defects in a single sentence—caught at first or second hand from some modern authority in *belles lettres*—while at the same time they know no more of the works of these men than they do of the Zendavesta.

COLERIDGE, for example, has given us an analysis of Shakespeare. “How much better he knew Shakespeare than we can ever know him! The wisest of men tell us that they are seeing every day beauties in him which they had never before known. How worse than foolish of us, then, to attempt to study him by ourselves!” And so the farce goes on; and, as a result, instead of the virile independence of mind which gave our fathers the literary supremacy of the earth, we bid fair to present to after times the spectacle of a generation which not only lacked the genius to create anything of its own, but even the ability to read intelligently what other ages had created for it.

THE cause of this is not far to seek. Lectures, oral and written, have taken the place largely of individual effort. “Of making many books there is no end.” If this was true in Solomon's time, how much more in ours. All great authors of the past, and some of the present, have commentators *ad infinitum*; and men to-day, instead of studying the poet or novelist himself, study—what other men think of him.

WHAT a contrast to all this hypocritical humility, or mental bankruptcy, is the brusque language of Dr. Johnson! “When should we commence to study Shakespeare? In boyhood. Take him up then and read him through. If the boy does not sound all the depths of the great bard at first, neither does he at once fathom all of life.” This is the sum of the whole matter. Every day's practical experience of life increases his knowledge, and therefore his appreciation and understanding, of Shakespeare. And conversely every day's study of Shakespeare increases his understanding and appreciation of the responsibilities and duties of life. There is a mutual interaction between them.

IF this be true of the greatest of our poets, how is it less so of the less? So that lectures in English literature are of advantage to two classes of people, and in two ways. They point the ignorant to the authors whence they may derive knowledge; and they tend to render more definite and accurate the knowledge which they already possess who have studied these works beforehand. But as for those who attend and get up the lectures and nothing more, they are apt to come forth from the classroom with a conceit of knowledge quite out of proportion to that which they actually possess, and with a superficiality of culture which, while satisfying to the individual, is more than hurtful to the community. We are aware that it is out of the fashion to quote Pope in these times, but we care as little for fashion as we do for the modern educational methods, and he serves here to clinch a truth as well as anyone we know:—

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;

Drink deep—or taste not the Pierian spring!”

“HEAR the conclusion of the whole matter.” If the above argument is of force to the students, and we hold that it is, it is of no less importance to the Faculty itself. The University which shall have the widest influence in our new country is not of necessity that which has the largest equipment or the most extensive endowment. But it is that one which shall do most to the encouragement and development of the literary spirit. We cannot hope to compete, with any measure of success, against the laboratories of Toronto and some American Universities. But in literature we can, and should, hold our own against the world.

# LITERATURE.

## TANTALUS.

*Magnus inter opes inops.*—*Horace.*

Like to that Lydian King whose palace towers  
Rose 'neath the craggy steep of Sipylus,  
And woe, for foul impiety to Zeus,  
A gracious heavenly guest, the cruel powers  
Forever mock with shows of fruits and flowers  
And cooling streams in shadowy Tactarus,—  
But his parched lips those waves may never sluice,  
And hunger's gnawing pain his frame devours,—  
I, while my heart with nature's loveliness  
Is thrilled, life's grandeur, and love's ecstasy,  
And while the beckoning hours pass smiling by,  
Vainly would grasp a dream of happiness.  
Health lights our seasons with the bloom of joy,  
Else are we cursed with gifts which seem to bless.

R. W. SHANNON.

Kingston.

## HORACE.—ODE XI, BOOK I.

Strive not, Leuconoe, to know what end  
The gods above to thee and me will send :  
Nor with astrologers consult at all  
That thou may'st better know what may befall.  
Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last  
Be this, which Tyrrhene waves 'gainst rocks do cast ;  
Be wise, drink free, and in so short a space  
Do not protracted hopes of life embrace.  
Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide :  
This day's thine own, the next may be denied.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

## MATERIALISM.

The shores of Styx are lone forevermore,  
And not one shadowy form upon the steep  
Looms through the dusk, far as the eye can sweep,  
To call the ferry over as of yore :  
But tintless rushes all about the shore (sleep,  
Have heaved the old boat in, while, locked in  
Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep  
With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.  
For in the world of life strange rumors run  
That now the soul departs not with the breath,  
But that the body and the soul are one;  
And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,  
The widow puts no obol, nor the son,  
To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

## MY DOG.

We two are together in the study, my dog and I....  
Outside a fearful storm is raging.  
The dog sits before me, and gazes straight into my eyes.

He seems as if he must say something to me. He is dumb, has no language, no ideas of his own. Still I understand him.

I understand that the same feeling exists in him as in myself : that there is no distinction between us. We are homogeneous ; the same flickering little flame glows and shines in each of us.

Death draws near, one single touch of his cold, mighty wing.... And that is the end !

Who can discern, then what special flame glows in each of us ?

No !... It was not merely a man and an animal gazing mutually at each other. They were not two pairs of eyes, belonging to equal beings, that criticized each other. And in each of these pairs of eyes—in the animal's as well as the man's—one existence anxiously humbled itself before another that was its equal.

IVAN TURGENIEFF.

Feb., 1878.

## A POSTAL.

*To John Rhode, Esq., Boston.*

From Tybee, John, from joyless Georgian Tybee,  
From godless, graceless Tybee by the sea,  
Whereon at present a sojourner I be,  
A word from me.

Fill high the bowl and fill it to o'erflowing ;  
High let the flagon flash and flare and foam !  
For Thursday next I'm going, going, going,  
I'm going home.

I hate to leave (God bless the loves !) the ladies  
With their dark eyes and smiles that thrill me so ;  
But *peste !* the atmosphere is hot as—Hades,  
And I must go.

So, please the gods, then, and the wind blows steady  
And favoring, Thursday next I'll blow the foam  
From off a cup—be sure and have it ready !—  
With you at home.

From "Lyrics" by

GEORGE F. CAMERON.

## LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.

GREECE.

C. Zographos, a wealthy Greek, has given the Greek Philological Society of Constantinople the money to bring out better editions of the ancient writers of his country. The first two instalments have been published and are of importance. M. Semitelos has edited the "Antigone," and suggested in his notes many excellent emendations. The "Phoenissae" of Euripides, edited by M. Bernardakis, is the second, and is a distinct contribution to classical literature. Alexander Paspatis has written a work upon the dialects of modern Greece. M. Dimitras has published a monograph upon Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great, in which he defends her warmly.

## AUSTRIA.

The Archduke Joseph has written a book upon the language of the Hungarian gypsies. It is a notable contribution to Aryan philology. Partly to philology and partly to history belongs "The Origin of the Rumanian Nation and Language," by M. S. Réthy. It furnishes unmistakable proof that the Rumanians cannot be the offspring of any Roman colony upon the lower Danube, but are a conglomeration of Dacians and Thracians, who borrowed from their conquerors some popular Romance language. Bela Grünwald has written a fascinating book, "Old Hungary," which has created a profound sensation. M. Alexander Varady's "Dr. Faust" is perhaps the most important novel of the year.

## RUSSIA.

The death of V. Garshin has taken away one of her most promising writers. He went through two Balkan wars and his "Four days of a Wounded Soldier," showed strength akin to Tolstoi's. Losing his mind he was for some time in an asylum, and when he recovered wrote "The Red Flower," a striking tale of madness, in which the insane man, knowing himself to be insane, makes superhuman efforts to destroy a red poppy, because he thinks it stained with the blood of all who have suffered. Sadness is a marked characteristic of all the novels of the past years. There is in Russia a special branch of literature created by Gleb Uspensky, which belongs at the same time to fiction and to ethnography in the best sense of the word. In his "A Ticket," and in "Figures in Life," he discusses the woman question among the peasantry.

## ITALY.

The founding of professorships of Dante at Rome, and by Leo XII. in the Theological Seminary, have resulted in much work upon the great poet of Italy. So far, however, the result has been rather barren. The movement towards historical studies continues and some noted works have been produced. Few works of fiction have been published, and those are second class.

## GERMANY.

The unlimited flow of lyrical sentiments in Germany bears a natural relation to the anarchical dislike to law and authority, and the poetic socialism of authors can tolerate the inner bonds of common intellectual and artistic views, but no government form without nor compulsion in externals. The "Song of Humanity" by Heinrich Heff is an epic of the human race. Some portions of the work are beautiful, but it is terribly long. Max Novlan has published his first novel, "Illness of the century," and he denounces Pessimism as the special disease of the age. Bleibtre in his "History of English Literature," proves himself a warm admirer of Byron, and shows great hostility to Disraeli.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

There has been considerable talk lately about Mrs. author Humphrey Ward, the intellectual and erudite of "Robert Elsmere." She is a niece of Matthew

Arnold and bears a strong resemblance to him. Her expressions in conversation are brilliant. She has a fine figure and is extremely graceful. She has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievement must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and aim. So says Louise Chandler Moulton.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is writing one or two novels for the papers. She does not care for this sort of literary work, however. She prefers to write verse. But the novels pay better and she likes money with which to buy pretty, new *Directoire* gowns. She is said to have beautiful red-brown burnished hair, and to have improved in appearance since her marriage.

The erotic character of her work has produced three legitimate offspring—Amelie Rives, Laura Libbey and Laura Daintrey. They have founded a school which may properly be called the fleshly-sensational. Of the books of the three above mentioned Laura Daintrey's *Eros* is at once the best and the worst.

Miss Hutchinson, the talented and scholarly collaborator of Mr. Steadman in the Library of American Literature, is a tall, fair haired, extremely good looking woman, who cares little for society and gives her days and evenings to work. She is the book reviewer of the *Tribune*, and with Hazelton of the *Sun* stands at the head of the New York critics.

Marion Crawford may be fairly conceded first place among the young American novelists. His style is irreproachable. He combines poetry, imagination, intellect and epigrammatic strength in his work, and has not been guilty of a touch of crudeness from the beginning. Many of the American and English critics deny him genius, but this is a matter on which there is not perfect unanimity of opinion between these gentry and the world.

Mr. George Moore, the author of "Confessions of a Young Man," is a little over thirty. He is tall and slight and his face has a curious V-shaped look, wide at top and narrow at the bottom. He is an Irishman by birth and a Frenchman by preference. His youth and money he spent in dissipation in Paris. Returning to London, he offered his work "A Mummer's Wife," to nearly every house in England without success. He then rewrote it in French and going to Paris found a publisher there. One of the English houses had the work translated, and published a pirated edition, an action which raised the wrath of Mr. Moore. The sale of his works in London has been largely stimulated by his quarrel with Mudie, who threw them out on the ground that they were unfit for reading. Mr. Moore has retorted with some choice articles on the subject of "Mudie—The Dry Nurse of Literature." We may hear more of Moore anon.

FROM GEORGE MOORE'S CONFESSIONS OF  
A YOUNG MAN.

"MY soul, so far as I understand it, has very kindly taken color and form from the many various modes of life that self-will and an impetuous temperament have forced me to indulge in. Therefore I may say that I am free from original qualities, defects, tastes, etc. What I have I acquire, or, to speak more exactly, chance bestowed, and still bestows, upon me. I came into the world apparently with a nature like a smooth sheet of wax, bearing no impress, but capable of receiving any; of being molded into all shapes. Nor am I exaggerating when I say I think that I might equally have been a Pharaoh, an ostler, an archbishop, and that in the fulfilment of the duties of each a certain measure of success would have been mine. I have felt the goad of many impulses, I have hunted many a trail; when one scent failed another was taken up, and pursued with the pertinacity of an instinct rather than the fervor of a reasoned conviction. Sometimes, it is true, there came moments of weariness, of despondency, but they were not enduring; a word spoken, a book read, or yielding to the attraction of environment, I was soon off in another direction, forgetful of past failures. Intricate, indeed, was the labyrinth of my desires; all lights were followed with the same ardor, all cries were eagerly responded to: they came from the right, they came from the left, from every side. But one cry was more persistent, and as the years passed I learned to follow it with increasing vigor, and my strayings grew fewer and the way wider. I was eleven years old when I first heard and obeyed this cry, or, shall I say, echo-augury? Scene: A great family coach, drawn by two powerful country horses, lumbers along a narrow Irish road. The ever recurrent sign—long ranges of blue mountains, the streak of bog, the rotting cabin, the flock of plover rising from the desolate water. Inside the coach there are two children. They are smart, with new jackets and neckties; their faces are pale with sleep, and the rolling of the coach makes them feel a little sick. It is seven o'clock in the morning. Opposite the children are their parents, and they are talking of a novel the world is reading. Did Lady Audley murder her husband? Lady Audley! What a beautiful name; and she, who is a slender, pale, fairy-like woman, killed her husband. Such thoughts flash through the boy's mind; his imagination is stirred and quickened, and he begs for an explanation. The coach lumbers along, it arrives at its destination, and Lady Audley is forgotten in the delight of tearing down fruit trees and killing a cat. But when we returned home I took the first opportunity of stealing the novel in question. I read it eagerly, passionately, vehemently. I read its successor, and its successor. I read until I came to a book called *The Doctor's Wife*—a lady who loved Shelley and Byron. There was magic, there was revelation in the name, and Shelley became my son's divinity. Why did I love Shelley? Why was I not attracted to Byron? I

cannot say. Shelley! Oh, that crystal name, and his poetry also crystalline. I must see it, I must know him. Escaping from the school-room, I ransacked the library, and at last my ardor was rewarded. The book—a small pocket edition in red boards, no doubt long out of print—opened at the *Sensitive Plant*. Was I disappointed? I think I had expected to understand better; but I had no difficulty in assuming that I was satisfied and delighted. And henceforth the little volume never left my pocket, and I read the dazzling stanzas by the shores of a pale green Irish lake, comprehending little and loving a great deal. Byron, too, was often with me, and these poets were the ripening influence of years otherwise merely nervous and boisterous. And my poets were taken to school, because it pleased me to read 'Queen Mab' and 'Cain' amid the priests and ignorance of a hateful Roman Catholic college. And there my poets saved me from intellectual savagery; for I was incapable at that time of learning anything. What determined and incurable idleness! I used to gaze fondly on a book, holding my head between my hands, and allowing my thoughts to wander far into dreams and thin imaginings. Neither Latin, nor Greek, nor French, nor History, nor English composition could I learn, unless, indeed, my curiosity or personal interest was excited,—then I made rapid strides in that branch of knowledge to which my attention was directed. A mind hitherto dark seemed suddenly to grow clear, and it remained clear and bright enough so long as passion was in me; but as it died, so the mind clouded and recoiled to its original obtuseness. Couldn't, with wouldn't, was in my case curiously involved; nor have I in this respect ever been able to correct my natural temperament. I have always remained powerless to do anything unless moved by a powerful desire. The natural end to such school-days as mine was expulsion. I was expelled when I was sixteen, for idleness and general worthlessness."

After a serious boyhood, a delirium with books and a wild mental dance with English literature, the young man becomes possessed with the sudden idea that he must go to France.

"France! The word rang in my ears and gleamed in my eyes. France! All my senses sprang from sleep like a crew when the man on the look-out cries, Land ahead! Instantly I knew I should, that I must, go to France, that I would live there, that I would become as a Frenchman. I knew not when, nor how, but I knew I should go to France. Then my father died, and I suddenly found myself heir to considerable property—some three or four thousand a year; and then I knew that I was free to enjoy life as I pleased; no further trammels, no further need of being a soldier, of being anything but myself; eighteen, with life and France before me! At last the day came, and with several trunks and boxes full of clothes, books and pictures, I started, accompanied by an English valet, for Paris and Art."

The portion of the book devoted to the young man's life in Paris and France is a delight and a wonder. The reader is swept over the subject with the rush and the recklessness of the wind. One is brought face to face with pictures beyond the ordinary sight and ken. Art, Music, and the Drama, high and low life—everything in broken but delightful bits. Philosophy and dissipation stroll together hand in hand. French literature is picked up and the wonderful gamut run with an indescribable to and fro, and in a manner the very essence of abandon. The reader will be fascinated. If not empty-headed the reader will also learn. We give but a few queer paragraphs.

"A year passed: a year of art and dissipation—one part art, two parts dissipation. We mounted and descended at pleasure the rounds of society's ladder. One evening we would spend at Constant's, Rue de la Gaîté, in the company of thieves and housebreakers; on the following evening we were dining with a duchess or a princess in the Champs Elysées. And we prided ourselves vastly on our versatility in using with equal facility the language of the 'fence's' parlor and that of the literary salon; on being able to appear as much at home in one as in the other. Delighted at our prowess, we often whispered, 'The princess, I swear, would not believe her eyes if she saw us now;' and then in terrible slang we shouted a benediction on some 'crib' that was going to be broken into that evening. And we thought there was something very thrilling in leaving the Rue de la Gaîté, returning home to dress, and presenting our spotless selves to the *élite*. And we succeeded very well, as indeed all young men do who waltz perfectly and avoid making love to the wrong woman.

"I still read and spoke of Shelley with a rapture of joy,—he was still my soul. But this craft, fashioned of mother-o'-pearl, with starlight at the helm and moonbeams for sails, suddenly ran on a reef and went down, not out of sight, but out of the agitation of actual life. The reef was Gautier; I read Mlle. de Maupin. The reaction was as violent as it was sudden. I was weary of spiritual passion, and this great exaltation of the body above the soul at once conquered and led me captive; this plain scorn of a world as exemplified in lacerated saints and a crucified Redeemer opened up to me illimitable prospects of fresh beliefs, and therefore new joys in things and new revolts against all that had come to form part and parcel of the commonality of mankind. Till now I had not even remotely suspected that a deification of flesh and fleshly desire was possible; Shelley's teaching had been, while accepting the body, to dream of the soul as a star, and so preserve our ideal; but now suddenly I saw, with delightful clearness and with intoxicating conviction, that by looking without shame and accepting with love the flesh I might raise it to as high a place and within as divine a light as ever the soul had been set in. The ages were as an anæsthetic, and I stood as if enchanted before the noble nakedness of the elder gods: not in the

infamous nudity that sex has preserved in this modern world, but the clean pagan nude,—a love of life and beauty, the broad fair breast of a boy, the long flanks, the head thrown back; the bold, fearless gaze of Venus is lovelier than the lowered glance of the Virgin, and I cried with my master that the blood that flowed upon Mount Calvary '*ne m'a jamais baigué dans ses flots.*'"

## \*THE FOOTLIGHTS.\*

STANDING room only," were the words which met the eyes of those who frequented the opera house, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th, to see Mr. Palmer's company produce "Jim the Penman." One of the heroines, for the drama has two, was Miss Petrie, ("which her stage name is" Evelyn Campbell), an old acquaintance of Kingstonians. We append

### THE CAST:

James Ralston .....	Joseph Whiting
Louis Percival .....	C. Handyside
Baron Hartfield .....	H. Eyttinge
Captain Redwood .....	W. J. Ferguson
Lord Drelicourt .....	Hardy Vernou
Jack Ralston .....	J. B. Hollis
Mr. Chapstouc, Q. C. ....	W. H. Pope
Dr. Pettywise .....	Lysander Thompson
Mr. Netherby, M. P. ....	John Findlay
George—A Servant .....	Edwin Stancliff
Nina Ralston .....	Ada Dynas
Agnes .....	Evelyn Campbell
Lady Duncombe .....	Jennie Eustace
Mrs. Carpenter .....	Courtney Raymond

There is nothing particularly striking or original in the plot, which is simply that of a forger who has covered his tracks so carefully that he is received in London society as a financier of repute, an intimate of the party in power in the House of Commons, and later a member of the House himself. His wife he won from his "own familiar friend" by forging letters from one to the other; and these letters are in the end the means which lead to the discovery of his true character as "Jim the Penman." The parts were excellently sustained throughout, those of Nina Ralston, Baron Hartfield, James Ralston and Capt. Redwood being worthy of especial notice. Miss Petrie in Agnes, the forger's daughter and fiancée of Lord Drelicourt, had a simple, light part, requiring no great powers, and which for this reason she satisfactorily filled. As to the higher histrionic ability which some of her admirers claim to find in her, while we do not deny its existence, we saw none of it in this programme, and we should be greatly surprised to find it in any other.

At the reception tendered Miss Petrie by the wives of the officers of the Barracks, there was a good sprinkling of Queen's men and cadets, and the votaries of Terpsichore

cultivated her assiduously to the "wee sma' hours." The guest of the evening is certainly a social favorite here, and is to be congratulated upon the reception tendered her by her admirers in the old Limestone city.

The American stage, on September 21st last, lost, in the death of William Warren, its most eminent comedian. In days like ours, when effrontery passes coin for ability, and superficiality is the rule and not the exception, the stage could ill afford to lose him whose genius has been for nearly half a century one of her chiefest glories. The total number of his impersonations is 580 in 13,359 performances. Light lie the dust upon him!

M. Coquelin, who is to France what Gilbert has been and is to England and Warren to America, the greatest name in the Comedy of his country, is making a tour of the United States, and lectured a few days ago on "The Art of the Comedian" in the theatre of Harvard college. The building was packed to the doors and the students gave the old artist a royal welcome. The lecture was in French and closely read from the manuscript. The Boston press speaks highly of the effort.

The star of the season will be Campanini, the famous tenor. He will appear on December 5th.

#### ADDRESS TO LORD STANLEY.

SHORTLY after 12 o'clock on Thursday, Sept. 14th, many of the friends of Queen's and quite a number of the graduates residing in the city assembled in Convocation Hall to receive the Governor-General. A few minutes after the half-hour the Governor-General and suite entered the hall, when Chancellor Fleming presented him with the following address:—

*To the Right Honorable Lord Stanley, G.C.B., Governor-General of Canada, etc.:*

May it please Your Excellency:

Your Excellency has been good enough, in your first visit to this part of Canada, to honor Queen's University by entering within the walls of the college building.

This is the period of vacation, and we regret the absence of the Principal, many of the Professors and the students.

We take upon ourselves, however, to represent them, and on their behalf, and on behalf of the Council, the Trustees, the Senate, and the body of benefactors, we desire to give an expression of cordial welcome to Your Excellency.

With Your Excellency's permission, we embrace this opportunity of supplying a few words of information with respect to this seat of learning.

More than half a century back Kingston was selected as the most central and suitable locality for establishing an institution for the higher education of the youth of Canada.

In the year 1841 Her Majesty granted the royal charter under which the work of higher education has ever since been carried on, and graciously permitted the University to bear her name.

Like all the ancient Universities of the old world, Queen's has had her trials and vicissitudes; but we are pleased to state to Your Excellency that she has now been placed on a sound and permanent footing.

This seat of learning opens its doors to all, and its great aim and object is to provide an education unsurpassed in usefulness and excellence.

That satisfactory progress has of recent years been made may be judged from the steady increase of the number of students in attendance.

At the period of the Confederation of the Canadian provinces (1867) the number of students was 107; in 1877, 172; and in 1887, 425.

Queen's University is established and maintained by private munificence. Last year, in honor of Her Majesty's Jubilee, the friends of the institution added to the Endowment Fund a quarter of a million dollars.

Queen's has enjoyed the sympathetic interest of Your Excellency's immediate predecessors—Lord Dufferin, Lord Lorne and Lord Lansdowne—and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of this building.

Your Excellency has already, since your arrival in Canada, evinced a desire to encourage sound education, and your presence here to-day is an earnest of that desire, for which we are most grateful.

Your Excellency will feel with us how much the future of our Dominion depends on the character of the education given and on the means taken for its diffusion. It has been in the past, and it shall be in the future, our earnest endeavor to impart to our students a high literary and scientific culture, and to induce to independent search after truth. At the same time it shall always be our desire to cultivate a high morality and to promote a feeling of loyal devotion to Her Majesty the Queen.

It affords us a double pleasure that Your Excellency is accompanied on this occasion by Lady Stanley, to whom also we would present our most respectful welcome.

#### LORD STANLEY'S REPLY.

Lord Stanley thanked the Chancellor and the members of the University for their cordial welcome to the academic halls. He regretted that his first visit had to be made at a time when the College was not in session, but hoped to be able at some future time to visit Queen's again and observe the work of education in progress. "All educationists," said Lord Stanley, "are agreed as to the necessity—I was going to say advisability, but I use the stronger word in preference—of an education that would carry into the heart of man a love for learning for its own sake, and not for what it would bring in the market. In a new country it is true that man's mind naturally is directed to the study of the practical, to the exclusion of the ideal as it exists in art, literature or philosophy.

There is therefore all the greater need for paying attention to these higher cravings of the human spirit. For this work Queen's, a happy combination of the practical and the ideal, was well qualified to fit men for the requirements of this country while carefully promoting the higher culture of its students. This he could say confidently, for he had heard more than once of the good work which this University had done and was still doing in the cause of higher education. His predecessors had encouraged the efforts of the University, and it would be his desire to do as much.

Thanking the Chancellor and the members of the University for their kind reference to Lady Stanley, he concluded by again expressing a desire to return when the classes were in session to inspect the work of education.

A number of ladies and gentlemen were presented to His Excellency, after which he was shown through the College buildings. Lord and Lady Stanley selected places for trees, which were planted Oct. 17.

## \*COLLEGE NEWS.\*

### FOOT-BALL.

FRIDAY afternoon, Nov. the 2nd. Queen's Rugby football team started for Montreal to meet the McGill College and Montreal City teams. The following boys represented Queen's in both contests: Back, Parkyn; half-backs, E. B. Echlin and Twitchell; quarter-backs, J. F. Smellie and J. M. Farrell; right wing, W. Rankin, F. J. McCannion; left wing, J. W. White, (captain), A. Gandier; forwards, T. G. Marquis, S. T. Chown, D. Cameron, G. Gandier, G. T. Copeland and E. Morgan. Montreal was reached after a trip of twelve, instead of six or seven hours, and the boys were ready to turn in at 2:30 a.m., when they reached the Balmoral Hotel. Saturday morning was spent in sight-seeing. In the afternoon the secretary telephoned to McGill and found out that the match was to come off at 3 o'clock on the College grounds. About 2:30 the team started in a 'bus for the grounds. On reaching them Capt. White and the McGill's Captain selected Mr. Kinghorn, of the Britannias, to referee the game. The boys, divesting themselves of all superfluous clothing, took their places on the field, and, as the Montreal *Gazette* says, their fine physique was the object of much comment among the spectators. At 3:30 the game commenced, the kick-off by McGill resulting in a scrimmage in our territory. After a few loose scrimmages the ball was passed back by our forwards, and Hughes captured it and secured a touch-down. This was allowed, notwithstanding Queen's protest that Hughes was off side. McGill's kick for goal was unsuccessful, so the score stood: McGill, 4; Queen's, 0. This looked blue for Queen's as the result of the first five minutes' work, but the boys, remembering a similar experience with 'Varsity last year, pulled themselves together and determined to score. Smellie kicked off for

Queen's, and the wings, following up rapidly, downed the half-back before he could get in his kick. The ball now hovered between the centre of the field and McGill's territory for some time. The Queen's' scrimmage finally prevailed, and the forwards, following up, dribbled the ball over McGill's goal line. Chown claimed a touch-down, which was disallowed, and the ball was taken back to the scene of the last scrimmage. Our forwards again got the best of their opponents, and, dribbling the ball down the field, kicked it behind McGill's goal line, forcing them to rouse in self-defence. McGill kicked off, and their forwards prevented our half-backs from returning the ball. Queen's' scrimmage, which, with Marquis in the centre, was now doing some fine work, forced the ball gradually back to the centre. Here McGill heeled out, and Queen's' forwards, following up, dribbled the ball over the goal line and secured a touch-down without the privilege of a kick for goal—5 to 4 in favor of Queen's. From the kick-off Queen's managed to place the ball in touch near McGill's 25-yd. line. Queen's quarters then tried some passing to the halves, but McGill followed up quickly and prevented the kick. The scrimmage formed up, and, Queen's heeling out, White secured the ball and made a brilliant run, only being prevented from securing a touch-down by the good tackling of McGill's back. The scrimmage formed up and McGill kicked the ball into touch in their own territory. Rankin, by a neat throw-in, dropped the ball in a vacant space left on the lining out. Farrell securing it passed through the forwards but was downed by one of the half-backs. The ball was passed to McCannion who, on being tackled, quickly passed it to Gandier, the latter passing over the line and securing a touch-down. Parkyn, with a beautiful kick, sent the ball flying over the cross bar. The referee allowed the goal at first, but not being in a position to see the kick properly he consulted some of the spectators and through their advice changed his decision. Parkyn, by a fine punt, returned McGill's kick-off, and half-time was called shortly afterwards with ball in centre field. The teams changed ends and resumed play by Queen's kicking off. Our forwards followed well up on the ball and rushed it down to McGill's goal line. Here scrimmage after scrimmage took place on the goal line, and even inside the goal line. One forward after another procured the ball and claimed a touch-down but they were all disallowed. Queen's, tiring of this, passed the ball to Twitchell for a drop on goal, but he was collared before he could get in his kick. The McGill men kicked the ball through the scrimmage, and Smellie securing it went through their ranks at a lively rate till downed by Hughes. In the fall his sprained ankle received fresh injuries but he would not leave the field. Shortly afterwards time was called with the ball about centre field. After the game the two enthusiastic friends who accompanied the team to Montreal congratulated the boys heartily. Allan McColl, B.A., and Herb. Horsey, M.A., who are attending college in Montreal, praised the boys



for their fine play and Herb. insisted on turning the team into lemon squeezers. In regard to the decisions of the referee the majority of them were disputed. This would not have been the case had he been more decided about his own ruling, whether it was right or wrong.

Sunday was spent in various ways by the boys. Quite a number turned out to hear the Rev. Mr. Barclay in the morning and Dr. Wilde in the evening. Most of the boys visited Mount Royal during the day and were well repaid for their climb. A number of calls were made with the result that the lady freshies are expected to predominate next session. Monday afternoon the Montreal team kindly sent the team a bus to convey them to the exhibition ground where the game was to be played. The game commenced at 3:30 sharp, Queen's playing against a slight wind. Queen's kicked off and the ball was returned by the Montreal backs. Rankin threw in, when a scrimmage occurred. Out of this scrimmage the ball was passed to Campbell, who punted it over the goal line forcing Parkyn to rouse. 1 to 0 in favor of Montreal. The Montrealers were playing a livelier game than our fellows and seemed to have "rattled" the Queen's team from the start. However, Queen's, remembering her weakness of always losing the first point, rallied, and although the kick-off was returned into our territory, the boys, by a series of well contested scrimmages and rapid following up, succeeded in forcing the ball to the centre of the field. Here it remained for some time both sides striving to gain the advantage but without success. After a quarter of an hour had been thus passed away and the spectators were growing impatient there was a break in the monotony. Cleghorn, getting the ball from the scrimmage, attempted to pass it to Campbell at half-back. Our forwards, however, with a brilliant dash, were on the ball before it reached its destination, and moving along in a body with the ball at their feet, succeeded in kicking it into touch in goal. Montreal 1, Queen's 1. The spectators, one and all, even our friends from McGill, had expected us to be defeated, but it began to dawn on them that Queen's might hold her own with the champions. The McGill boys now began to cheer for Queen's in regular collegiate style while the Montrealers urged on their team the necessity of scoring. Both teams were now on their metal and some brilliant plays were made on both sides, which, however, were not resultant, and half-time was called with the score a tie. After a few minutes rest play was again resumed by Montreal kicking off. The kick-off was so well followed up that for a time it looked as if Montreal would cross Queen's' touch line. The scrimmage, however, with the aid of the quarter-backs forced the ball down the field. The Montrealers again and again rushed down on Queen's' touch line determined to score. No sooner would the ball get in the vicinity of our goal line than the forwards would, by quick tackling and good dribbling, take it to the centre of the field. The Montrealers, when they had approached within kicking distance of our goal, would pass the ball to Campbell for a

drop kick. Our wings, however, were always on the alert and rushing on the back would tackle him before he could kick. In some cases they reached the ball before the Montreal half-backs and dribbled it some distance before a Montrealer captured the ball by falling on it. Finding their efforts at kicking of no avail they endeavored to get a run in. Time after time the ball was passed to Lowson, for this purpose, but Echlin at half was impassable, frequently saving us from defeat by his fine tackling. Queen's claimed a free kick in a case of off-side, which was allowed and Smellie kicked the ball into touch, in close proximity to the Montreal goal. It looked as if the boys would score but again the ball returned to the Queen's end of the field. Three minutes more play and time will be called with the game a tie. Both sides work hard, encouraged by the cheers of their respective admirers. It seemed to be taken for granted that Montreal would score or, if not, that the game would end in a draw. Consequently the Queen's boys were encouraged to keep the Montrealers from scoring. But, Queen's had a surprise in store. One minute from time: Montreal passes the ball to their backs. Queen's does not miss the opportunity and the forwards, making a brilliant rush, take possession of the ball, dribbling it as they run. On the goal line the Montreal back endeavors to save his side and kicks the ball back over the heads of our forwards. But Echlin is there and with a heavy kick sends the ball so far into touch that Montreal is forced to rouse. Before the ball can be returned time is called and the Queen's boys are champions of Quebec. The McGill boys congratulated Queen's heartily on their success, and a contingent of them turned up at the train to see us off. One of our boys was absent on a "goose" chase when the train left Montreal and is still missing. Cornwall looked after the interests of their forward for a few days and Gananoque rejoiced in the right wing of the team for a day, but at the end of that time returned it to the college pronouncing it tough.

#### ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the Society for the session '88-'89 was held on Saturday evening, October 6th, the Vice-President, Mr. H. A. Lavell, in the chair. The athletic committee presented the programme which they had arranged for the annual sports. After a stormy discussion, on motion of Mr. Strachan, the report of the committee was received and the committee given full power to carry on the sports. The Society then appointed Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, Hon. President; D. D. McDonald, President; and E. Ryan, B. A., Vice-President of the annual sports.

At the second meeting of the Society, October 13th, the Secretary-Treasurer of the *Journal* for last session gave a partial report of its finances, showing a small balance on hand. Mr. Ryan, managing editor of the *Journal*, handed in his own resignation and that of the staff. It was decided to call for tenders from the city

papers for the publication of the *Journal*. Mr. Charles Counter then favored the Society with an address.

At the meeting on the evening of October 20th the Society appointed to the management of the *Journal* the powerful staff, whose names appear on the first page. Recognizing the defectiveness of its present constitution the Society requested Messrs. Cameron, Lavell, Wright, Ryan, Patterson, Strachan, Bethune and Carmichael to prepare a new one.

The A. M. S. met again on Saturday, October 27th, the Vice-President, H. A. Lavell, in the chair. On motion of Mr. Binnie, seconded by Mr. Muirhead, Messrs. Mills, Minnes, Walkem, Shaw, Heap, Gandier, Black, McKee and Gallup from Arts, Ryan and Scott from Medicine, Orr Bennett from Divinity Hall, were appointed a committee to take charge of the gymnasium for the session '88-'89. On motion of Mr. Farrell, seconded by Mr. Gandier, Professors McGillivray and Cappon were admitted into the Society as honorary members, and the class of '92, whose names appear in another column, as ordinary members. The Society then decided to petition the Senate to extend the hours during which library books may be consulted. We are glad to learn that the Senate has seen fit to grant the request. Mr. Kellock favored the meeting with a reading, after which Drs. Horsey and Whitney, who were present, were called upon for short addresses.

The meeting of the Society on November 3rd had the peculiar feature that at different stages the chair was occupied by every officer of the Society, who was present, excepting the Secretary; the President, as is his custom, being absent. The advisability of giving the Principal a suitable reception upon his return was discussed and referred to the executive committee. Mr. C. J. Cameron reported the progress of the *Journal*. Proceedings were enlivened by a solo from Mr. Lavell and a violin solo from Mr. McPherson. The meeting closed with a practice of college songs and three cheers for the football team, whose victory over McGill had just been learned.

#### Y. M. C. A.

HOW the rain did come down that Friday evening, October 19th, but the annual reception to freshmen is now too well established for any rainstorm to affect it. This was the fifth of its kind and the fact of its usefulness was only the better demonstrated.

Convocation Hall was comfortably filled with Y. M. C. A. members, their city friends and freshmen. Quite a number of our Professors, including some from Medicine, were also present.

The programme was a satisfactory one; the speeches of Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Kilborn, the respective Presidents of the Arts and Medical associations, being characterized by Spartan brevity.

An interesting lecture, "Scotland's Scenery," was given to a roomful of people by Professor Short, and another by Professor McGillivray on "Student Life in

Germany." Mr. H. A. Lavell, B. A., gave an excellent song, as also Mr. Kellock.

The freshmen seemed to enjoy themselves, and the people were pleased to welcome the strangers to the city, to their churches and to their homes.

The members of the association extend their hearty thanks to their friends in the city for their generous support on this occasion as on all others.

The work of the association goes steadily, vigorously forward. The Friday meetings are exceptionally well attended. The freshman class evince a lively interest in this work and there are among its members many able and willing workers.

#### NOTES.

THE Campus has been unusually lively this fall, football matches being almost a daily occurrence. The junior men have gone into practice with a vim, and have started what the *JOURNAL* has always suggested, matches between the different years.

The freshmen have got a lot of heavy men among them this year, but unfortunately they were not heavy enough for the K. C. L., who defeated them by a score of 11 to 0.

We are glad to see the new arrivals from the Maritime Provinces. The man who gets the Gaelic Scholarship this year will have to work for it.

We see signs of improvement on every hand. Six new class-rooms have been fitted up for the college, which are used by the Modern Language classes.

The Principal's house has been made to look a little more modern by some much needed additions.

The college authorities deserve much praise for the new board walk which has replaced the old one from Union street to the college. The next wise step would be, when the Science Hall is built, to grant us use of the present science room for our students' meetings and our club meetings, with the Professor's room in connection for the use of the committees. This is a much felt want among the students and we hope the trustees will take it into consideration.

Complaints are heard from every side just now about the hours allowed for the consultation of books in the library. We would like to see a change.

There are 31 ladies attending classes in arts. Jim Cochrane says Queen's will soon be a ladies' college.

Professor Cappon has the largest class in the college. It numbers about sixty. The ladies' side of the house is well supported.

Collections are the order of the day.

We were glad to see that the disturbers in science were sat on.

The Honor French class are still looking for another lady. We advise them to advertise in the journal.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 20th, Professor Fowler and a few of the students went out geologizing in Barriefield. Some of the boys got a few very good specimens. Did't they, R. R. R.?

W. A. Logie, B. A., and E. Pirie, B. A., are playing with the Hamilton football club, and from all accounts are keeping up the reputation of A I players which they had at Queen's. Both are studying law in Hamilton.

W. D. McIntosh, '89, and Geo. Varcoe, '90, are attending classes at Varsity.

R. L. H. Sinclair, B. A., and W. McG. Thompson, B. A., are attending Princeton.

Geo. Malcolm, '86, is teaching school at Mitchell.

S. S. Burns, '89, is teaching school at Billing's Bridge.

Geo. Hartwell, B. A., is attending Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

Lost, strayed or stolen,— J. Bedard '91, W. Coleman '90, R. J. Hutchinson '90, M. H. Leggett '91, Jno. Nelson '90, Ed. North '90, J. W. Fulford, '90, Paul Pergan '90, Joseph Snell, '89, Oscar Young '91, R. Knowles '90, H. A. Percival, '89.

We are all pleased to see Dr. Wardrobe, of Guelph, with us for a few days. He is one of Queen's oldest sons.

D. R. Drummond, '89, was the representative of Arts at the Trinity college Dinner. The Trinity men gave Dan a good reception and treated him well.

A. W. Beall, B. A., is teaching in the "Oriental Anglo Japanese Academy," the boys' school of the Methodist church in Japan.

Rev. M. McKinnon, B. A., was ordained and inducted into the Pastorate of St. Andrew's Church Elders on the 7th inst.

Rev. A. McAnley, of Snow Road, who has been sick, is able to be out again.

Rev. Wm. Meikle, B. A., the Evangelist, is holding revival services in Brockville.

Mr. Wm. Stewart, B. A., of Glengarry, is studying law in Toronto.

We congratulate A. G. Farrell, '85, on attaining the dignity of Barrister and Solicitor. He at once enters into partnership with J. R. Lavell, B.A., Smith's Falls. Having once tasted the joys of partnership we fear he will repeat the dose in a slightly different form.

Queen's again to the front. J. H. McNee, '85, headed the list in the final law exam., Toronto. Shake, Jimmy!

The members of the F. B. C. were much pleased to receive such warm congratulations on their success from the graduates.

On Thanksgiving day, after a very interesting struggle, the Seniors' 15 succeeded in defeating a 15 chosen from the three Junior years, by 7 to 4. The boys were glad to see so many of the citizens on the Campus.

We received a visit last week from Miss Alice Chambers, B. A., '88. She is now Senior Preceptress of the Ontario Ladies' College, and the position seems to agree with her.

Last month Rev. Allan MacRossie, of Cornuna, N. Y., who was at one time Sec.-Treas. of the JOURNAL, was married to Miss Edith Weston, of Jersey city. We offer our congratulations.

#### LIST OF FRESHMEN IN ARTS.

T. R. Anglin, A. W. Argue, F. W. Asselstine, Eliza Bolton, R. P. Byers, J. D. Brents, Alice Beveridge, Jessie C. Connell, P. McG. Campbell, Donald Cameron, W. H. Davis, H. D. Dynaut, J. W. Easterbrook, J. Elliot, J. J. Eldridge, J. C. Gibson, E. C. Gallup, W. A. Grange, H. J. Horsey, R. F. Hunter, H. A. Hunter, F. M. Hugo, C. S. Kirkpatrick, Mary King, J. Lamont, F. A. McRae, A. K. McLennan, J. McDonald, Jean W. McPherson, Minnie Murray, J. McJanet, R. McMullan, Bessie McArthur, Jennie Nicol, W. A. Newlands, E. J. O'Connor, G. W. Parnicee, E. Ryerson, A. E. Ross, Etta A. Reid, H. N. Robertson, A. C. Robertson, J. R. Sparling, J. A. Stewart, J. H. Sanderson, N. J. Sprout, J. H. Smith, T. C. Smith, Adeline Sherrick, A. B. Ventresse, B. E. Welster, J. W. Wheeler, P. H. Yeomans.

#### MEDICAL MATRICULANTS.

L. AURA Bennett, H. A. Adamson, T. C. Bonrus, W. H. Bonrus, A. E. Barber, T. H. Balfo, F. H. Birmingham, Miss Britton, H. E. Douglass, J. C. Geeson, A. Jandeson, F. C. Lavers, E. J. Lent, G. McNamoe, J. Neish, Octavia B. Ritchie, B. A., H. E. Little, J. A. McLellan, Agnes M. Turnbull.

#### PERSONALS.

QUEEN'S has been well represented on the football team in the Old Country during the present season by H. Pirie, B. A., who has been playing half-back in the Canadian football team. We expect him back in a few days to rejoin his class in the Royal.

Though a little late with our congratulations we take pleasure in noticing the marriage of Professor Dyde, D. Sc., of New Brunswick college, Fredericton, to Miss J. Farrell, which took place in Kingston on September 11th. The JOURNAL wishes them everything that is good.

Alex. Forin, M. D., a graduate of Queen's, was married on October 24th to Miss Winnifred Fair, of Collingwood.

Herb. Horsey, M. A., has decided to enter the ministry of the Episcopal church and with that end in view is attending college in Montreal.

John Kelly, M. A., of the Belleville separate school board, has resigned to study medicine at the Royal college here.

## DIVINITY HALL.

THE classes opened promptly on time; as promptly returned the "Theologues" from the various summer resorts to avail themselves of the opening lectures. They are heartily welcome to their place in our midst.

The staff is quite incomplete without the Principal, and his classes have double reason for looking forward to his safe return.

We are pleased now and again to find a man whom passing years affect but little. Who retains as the days go by all the vigor and freshness of youth. Thus we extend to our beloved lecturer on Church History our warmest congratulations and best wishes, for the increased brightness of his face and the elasticity of his step have not been unnoticed nor the cause unknown.

Misses Scott and Sinclair, esteemed members of the Mission Band, have been designated by Dr. Wardrobe, in behalf of the foreign mission committee, for service in Indore, India. On the eve of their departure a farewell social was given in Convocation Hall and a suitable presentation made to each of the ladies. In these ways they who remain show their sympathy with the cause and with those who seek its furtherance.

The places, left vacant in the band by the not small number who have already gone into active service, have been more than filled by new members who responded to the appeal made by Mr. W. J. Wilder, M. A., of Princeton, in several pointed addresses to the students. Mr. Wilder has a quiet, plain and very effective way of presenting the subject so near his heart. The Hall gave him a hearty welcome.

## • EXCHANGES. •

THE *Columbia Spectator* is published in good style, but we would suggest that the editors ease up a trifle on the faculty and direct their surplus attention to the editorial department of the "*Spec.*" that it may assume better proportions.

We are pleased to see that the staff of the *Owl*, College of Ottawa, has determined to improve the character of its work this year. It deserves especial notice because of its extreme youth, for we observe, this is but its second volume.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* presents a pleasing appearance, but devotes more than half of its space to one subject. Of course this is the first number for this session. It claims to be the oldest college paper in the Dominion of Canada. It ought to feel proud.

The *Subbeam*, which now lies on our table, is an exchange that is distinctively characteristic of the hands from which it comes. It, however, reveals a state of

affairs among the lady students that is somewhat appalling; a state which evokes our warmest sympathies. Could not some of the college authorities be interviewed in regard to letting out the students more than once in a session to buy desired eatables, so that they would not be apt to dream of "buns of awful dimensions and miles of bologna?"

The *Roanoke Collegian*, Salem, Virginia, promises to be one of the best of the exchanges this year. Its editors deal fearlessly with important subjects. In another number we may call attention to some of its articles.

There are also on our table copies of *Comp d'Etat*, *The Chironian*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *King's College Record*, *Student Life*, *College Times*, *College Mercury*, *Varsity*, &c., &c.

## • DE • NOBIS • NOBILIBUS. •

Young Student Physician (to charity patient)—I—I think you must have a—a—some kind of a fever; but our class has only gone as far as convulsions. I'll come again in a week.—*Ex.*

Scene—Dissecting room. Demonstrator in anatomy is earnestly assuring detachment of police that the "sub" on the table has been there several weeks. Enter freshman, who loudly remarks to the surrounding students: "Hello, boys, when did the new sub come in?" Tablean, with blue fire.

About the fifth of October a prominent member of the football committee was approached by a medical freshy—since a victim of the court—and addressed thusly: "I want to know if I am on the team. I have been out kicking football three times, and unless I am on the team I am not going to miss physiology any more."

The following extract, from the Macdonald's Corners *News*, points to a tendency to overestimate slightly the importance of one branch of study here; for if the number of students plucked every year is any criterion of importance—and it certainly is to the undergrads—the palm should be given, in preference, to *Pneumics*:

"The Rev. T. Scott, who labored here during the past five months, has left for the *Philosophy* college at Kingston."

Last Sunday our sanctum was invaded, before breakfast, by the back of our Rugby team, who had the following item of news, which he insisted should be inserted. We insert it accordingly at full advertising rates: "Yesterday me and fourteen little fellows from the K.C.I. went down to play football against Brockville. Brockville played an old Interprovincial quarter, an old Toronto University half, and all the rest of their team were International players. We beat them, 29 to 8. They

had the fastest wing men in Canada, but *Cinnie* would pass the ball to me, and I would run up the field and kick goals. I kicked six goals from the field," etc.

The occasional prevaricator of the sophomore year was recently overheard describing the football match between the freshmen and the K.C.C. Part of his description ran as follows: "Yes, big C—'s jersey was badly torn around the neck, and after one of the scrimmages the Collegiate played for a while with only fourteen men in sight. I could not make out where their fifteenth man had gone, until at last, after another scrimmage, during which mysterious, muffled howls startled the players, when big C—'s was running, with six of the other side hanging on to the tail of his shirt, that garment split up the back—and out rolled the missing player."

A junior and two sophs were recently engaged in investigating the theory of probabilities (with an ante thrown in, to make things interesting.) After several hours' play, resulting in the pockets of the sophs being depleted, one of them rose, gazed sadly at his companions, and, drawing two aces from his sleeve, remarked: "Boys, honesty is the best policy. Here I have been playing all afternoon, with these two aces in reserve, waiting to draw another one before I used them, and I'll be hanged if one would come to me at all." The other soph gazed blankly at the cards, squirmed for a moment on his seat, then rose, and as he rapidly made his exit revealed on the chair on which he had been sitting the other two aces. As the junior selected from his hoodle a five-cent bit with an extra large hole in it, for the contribution plate, he gently murmured, "Put not your trust in kings."

The excavations for water pipes which adorn many of our streets prove a source of frequent misfortune to the unwary. The lusher sophomore, wending his homeward way half seas over, has not been the only victim of the civic improvements. A short time ago a "grave and reverend senior," one of the highest officials of the "most ancient and venerable C. I. et V.," came to grief in the ditch on Clarence St. The poet laureate of the junior year has commemorated the misfortune in an epic poem, from which we quote four stanzas:

"The night was dark and lowering  
As a senior picked his way  
Through the mud, and slush, and water,  
Lit by no electric ray.

"A chasm stood before him,  
Opening wide its awful jaws;  
But the senior's steps were heedless:  
Came a fall—a splash—a pause.

"From the murky depths and darkness  
Crawled a figure—woe-begone;  
His pants were torn and tattered—  
His Christy was not on.

"And the atmosphere grew hotter,  
And assumed a tint of blue,  
As the senior hurried onward,  
Hustling homeward P. D. Q."

And between the cursory remarks which shot from his lips—partly directed at the corporation, and partly referring to the ditch—he was heard to mutter, "I'll see what Bill Harty has to say about this."

A Turk who went to a neighboring (U.S.A.) medical college, on the score of Mohammedan customs, obtained permission from the authorities to smoke during the lectures in the class rooms. He was to be seen with his legs doubled up under him, calmly puffing away, the while taking notes and listening intently to the professors. It did not last long, however. The entire class professed to join the Mohammedan religion, and on that score wanted the faculty to give them permission to blow gentle clouds of the seductive weed while they drank into their Oriental ears the words of wisdom. The imperturbable Turk had to be "fired," and the class has returned to its old religion.

# A MODERN NOVEL. CHAPTER I.

During the summer a certain senior was camping, in company with a few other students, on an island not a hundred miles from Kingston. One afternoon a large party of friends visited the camp, and after supper a game of baseball was indulged in, the ladies taking the principal positions. All did not play, however, for just before the game commenced our senior, with a very particular lady friend, escaped the vigilant eye of the chaperone and wandered off for a quiet stroll.

## CHAPTER II.

A few weeks later the lady was wickedly asked by a friend what part she had taken in the game. An answer was immediately forthcoming. She had played "catcher." Turning then to the senior, who had not heard the lady's answer, the same question was put to him. Imagine the roars of laughter from the company, and the confusion of the young lady, when the innocent answer came, "Oh, I guess I was the ball."

The continuation and conclusion of this thrilling tale is prayerfully waited for in the sanctum. {Ed.

Our sister students long to possess a real, cosy, luxurious parlor. We hasten to announce that our sanctum is for sale and for a very small consideration we will also let the furniture and steel engravings go.

1st Soph—"S-a-y, why is a crow?"

2nd Soph—"Why is a crow what?"

1st Soph—"Nothing, only why is a crow?"

2nd Soph.—Moving off, "Oh dry up. You're away off. You've been taking too much."

1st Soph.—"It's back caws! Ha-a-a-h!

The diagnosis is concussion of the brain.

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

ARE not the boys lovely for letting us vote?"  
THE LADIES.

"What ' Bribery and corruption at this election?"  
SHADES OF LORD RUSSELL.

"Homeward."  
PRINCIPAL GRANT.

"Hurry up! We'll be at the Station."  
THE STUDENTS.

"Just gaze at our advertisements."  
THE JOURNAL STAFF.

"I'll have to do something big now to retrieve myself."  
JIMMIE C—E.

"My election cry is 'The March of the Cameron Men!'"  
E. R—N.

"Mine is 'The Watch on the Rhine.'"  
C. J. C—N.

"I fine you f-i-v-e cents."  
JUDGE O'C—R.

"I'll be so glad when my office in the A. M. S. expires.  
I'm played out."  
DR. C—LL.

"I've been called up suddenly, Mr. Chairman."  
SM—L—E.

"We have a society too. We are thinking of calling  
it 'Alma Pater.'"  
LADY STUDENTS.

"Taint fair for a fellow to get asked two questions in  
one session—especially on Metaphysics."  
C. B—NS.

"What's this dull town to me? She has gone away  
and left me. Lend me a handkerchief somebody."  
CHARLIE D—Y.

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